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Salmonhaus

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO READ TODAY?

salmonhaus
keyword:DEBASER
p.o. box 923
washington pa 15301-1408
united states
(E-mail: ronnstb+@pitt.edu)

Salmonhaus

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO READ TODAY?



Salmonhaus
Debaser 96

Aa

In this issue you get a preview of the Bob Dole victory speech; question if allens are really demons in disguise; question if some strange boxes in Washington PA are ozone monitors or something more sinister and a lot more!

Salmonhaus

Issue Four!

(vol. 1)



Salmonhaus

Debaser

a zine
for readers of zines

foreword

Hello, and welcome to the first issue of the new year. First up, you should notice a bit of an overhaul in appearance. The font that I used to use for everything was Times Roman, but I've switched to Frank Gothic for the general, all purpose font. I think that it looks better. More timeless and easier to read, you know? Also of note is the acceptance of paid ads. I really didn't want to take ads, but cash has been, and looks to be tight. This coupled with the size restrictions because of per copy cost has made me make this decision. I would like to be at the point where the advertising pays for all of the cost of production, and mailing. But don't think that your gonna get some adsheet, ad space will be limited. If that becomes a reality, than look for an expansion to at least 40 pages. The one exception to the paid ads is for zines. I'll trade adspace. If you, or someone you know is interested in buying an ad, than drop me a line. Also worthy of note is the move of the contents to the back cover, why waste space.

I would also like to gloat in the fact that DEBASER was the first to expose the Skinheads/Witches United in Christ Satan. I don't know if you heard about the Ohio teen who killed his parents or not, but the word is that he is affiliated with a "satanic cult," and apparently he "sacrificed" them. While it is tragic, if the news media would have exposed this group, along with the splinter groups that they are loosely affiliated with, maybe his parents would have seen the signs and this tragedy could have been averted.

Also worthy of note is the NATIONAL WEEK OF PARKING METER DISABLING. People around Pittsburgh really took this idea and ran with it. So much so that I have used parking meters in the Oakland section of Pittsburgh that were jammed! The Pittsburgh Parking Authority even went so far as to have these vinyl stickers made stating the illegality and penalties of meter jamming. Way to go Pittsburgh! I received E-mail from quite a few places where folks jammed meters so I've included a roundup if you will.

There are a lot of first airings of things in this issue, so enjoy. And remember where you heard about it first.

Ron E. McNary
editor

DEBASER

1

Amateur Publishers
Legal Action Network
of America



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think that the fears of mankind have changed. But what scared people in the past still scares them today. The OBJECT of fear changes but not the IMAGE. And the image is rooted in three interchangeable attitudes, misidentification, assumption, and the unknown. One will lead to the other two.

Demons and aliens both are products of an assumption, in that they exist. With this statement, I'm not confirming or denying their existence, I'm pointing out that there are people in the same boat who believe without any direct evidence. We call that faith when used in the context of religion.

With demons and aliens, we don't know what to expect, we can only go by eyewitness accounts. But if we had no eyewitness account, just the vague notion of either, than they are assigned negative attributes. Demons-they are the minions of Satan, and aliens because of technophobia. This holds unless we are dealing with either alien or demon of the opposite sex (if a heterosexual which the majority of people are), then you get into a situation where you find the idea of being bewitched by a "demon lover", the idea and romanticism of the Dark Side. Think, for a historic example, of Dracula.

In the studies that I've read, which were brief synopsis's at best, those abducted by aliens are first "captured" by aliens of the same sex, experimented on by aliens of the same sex, and comforted on by aliens of the same sex, and comforted on by aliens of the OPPOSITE sex (this based on the belief that the majority of the population, and therefore the majority of abductees, are heterosexual).

While these abductees are being violated, if we look at the abduction event as a purely MENTAL event, than there is the element of domination. Most people enjoy a degree of domination in the sexual sense, and if this is purely a mental event, than we have to separate the two states of violation & domination. If your violated by your own imagination, or dominated by it, than they share the commonality of non existence. And if this is some strange amalgamation of a negative sexual fantasy, then due to the suppression of sexuality throughout humanities history, would it not be the case that through something misidentified, like sex, and thought of as dirty, to conjure up images of archetypes that are negative?

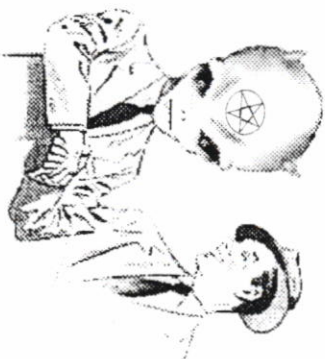
This is my counter to the demon deceiver argument. If this doesn't make sense, and your not familiar with Jung, than read his theories and you'll understand where I'm

coming from.

But what if the Christians are right? What if it all boils down to UFO's vs. God? It's the most plausible and believable scenario that I've heard yet. The image of the "grey" is akin to Devil worship! All ye with Alien Workshop items are sporting an image of the devil! That's brilliant marketing strategy on the part of Satan. It's certainly better than W.A.S.P. for Christ's sake!

The last part of the documentary, which is the most fascinating, is the mention of Genesis, Book 6. In that chapter, there is talk of the Nephilium, who are the descendants of God's sons and the daughters of man. The biblical take on this is that God's sons are the fallen angels and the daughters of man are those characteristics that make man an imperfect being. According to the Anglican Bishop who was the proponent of this line of thought, the Nephilium were supposed to be a race of giants, but he feels that this is a misunderstanding, and not having a real knowledge of the Bible, I can't remember his reasoning exactly. It had something to do with Noah being spared because he was perfect, not morally perfect (I do know he had sex with his daughter), but not one of the Nephilium. And since according to the Biblical account, we're all the descendants of Noah,

we are presently free of the demon nature or something or other. But, I do no about as much about Atlantis as the Bible, and that is pretty much how it's history reads. Without probably even realizing it, this Bishop was validating the Atlantis story! That to me is why this is the best Christian point-of-view I've heard yet. If there is one thing that will convert people, this could be it! It reads like a Robert Anton Wilson story. I know that I'm gonna be a proponent of this one, especially when I deal with Christians or even just people that I feel are dorks.



Have you ever seen one of those Christian documentaries that is about the evils of pop culture? You know, those propaganda filled rants against anything that people spend their hard earned cash on instead of the church coffers-Heavy Metal, D&D... well, stuff that people bought in the mid eighties. I'm sure you know what I'm talking about now. With Halloween being over, their collective awareness turns away from witches and Devil worshippers. And their focus now...UFOs!

UFOs, The Untold Story came on at 8pm, and I almost missed it. I figured that this would be the typical us against them heathens piece, but it wasn't. The first part was the actual modern history of UFO's, beginning with the first "flying

as merely a case of mass hysteria. Supposedly there had been a series of experiments, at the University of California at Santa Barbara, where people were taken into deep hypnosis and told that they were being abducted by aliens. They were then asked to describe what they were witnessing. They described, to a tee, what actual abductees have described. They're conclusion on this one, that people who have been abducted by UFO's are experiencing a psychological encounter. And this encounter, which the unabdacted can have, is historically similar to the Medieval accounts of possession and torture by demons. Now I haven't read that much about medieval demonology, so they could be exaggerating for all I know. But this is a great angle to come from.

It's stimulated my thinking about the whole subject. I think that a psychological explanation for the UFO subject is indeed plausible. But one doesn't need demons and God to arrive at it.

I think that we need look no further than Carl Jung and his theory of the collective unconscious and archetypes. I'm not gonna go into his theories, go to the library and feed your head.

If you look at close encounters of the third kind, the usual alien description is that of the "grey". When I first saw a grey, the first thought that entered my mind was, "looks like a bug." And I hate insects! A grey looks like a bastard Wasp or Yellow Jacket that I as well as most people, have been stung by. I think that most everyone hates Wasps and Yellow Jackets. They are just mean little bastards that fly around and get aggressive and sting.

As for the torturous sexual exams, have the documentary writers forgotten about the concept of rape? Your sexual organs are your most personal outward manifestation. If someone want's to defile and degrade, violate and intimidate, what better way than through unwanted sexual contact? I know that when I was in 2nd grade and forced to get checked for a hernia, I felt violated! So I know for damn sure that if I were to get an ice pick stuck up my urethra, I would feel violated!

It doesn't appear to me that these two concepts, and the subliminal mental duality inherent in them have changed in the history of man's consciousness. While time changes the unknown; science finds reason in the intangible, thus identifies the unknown. When that happens, mystery is cast onto some else. People mistakenly



saucer" reports in the late 40's to modern astronaut & cosmonaut sightings. All the while they were looking at it from the point of view of the ufo believer.

Recordings were played from an Apollo mission where a strange noise can be heard and the pilot of the ship thinks that the sound is emanating from...outside! But by far, the most exciting recording was made by a HAM radio operator who was monitoring a private channel used by NASA. The voice of a Space Shuttle Captain (who's name escapes me at the time) can be heard saying, "Houston, we're shadowing the alien spacecraft." And if that wasn't enough, they showed video from a Russian space capsule that showed an object circling his ship! The next topic was the abductions. They detailed how all of these abductions were similar. Their deduction was that there are just too many similarities to dismiss

MAIL BAG

Letters have been edited to get to the main point of the writer, and also to make the dorks look even dorkier.

"I don't get it. What is this whole 'zine' thing? What's the point? Why do you do it? Is the stuff true, is Bill Schmuck a real person? Are you a real person? This whole concept makes me feel very uneasy."

-Larry Schwartz
Washington PA

Me too; but you've got to be a big dork to actually sit around and ponder these questions.

"DEBASER FUCKIN' SUCKS! I can't believe I wasted my lunch money on this piece of shit! I'm telling all of my friends not to buy it, NO FEAR RULES!!! YOU SUCK!!!"

-Andrew Baitman
Boardman OH

Thanks for the buck, suckerrass.

"It would be cool if you did an article on slackers. I'm part of Generation X, and DEBASER is exactly what we need to be our mouth piece. I love alternative music, you should review some, like my faves, The Pres. Of The United States Of America. They rule. Keep up the good work!"

- Keith F.
Pittsburgh PA

I'm hoping that your friends sent this in as a joke. But, if your sincere, fuck off, and never buy this zine again.

"DEBASER is WAY COOL!!! I showed it to all of my friends, and we got my dad's atlas and found Muse PA on the map. We live up in New Castle (About 40 miles north of Muse. Ed.) and it took us almost an hour to get there. That place sucks so bad, we couldn't believe it! We drove around, and yelled at some people hanging out at a bar, and then we went to Washington to see where your from. That place sucks too. Do you really live there?"

-Tina Proust
New Castle PA

Unfortunately...yes.

"Debaser is stupid. What's the point? Wow, your so cool that you can do a wanna be magazine! You and all of the people who do it are left wing faggots! Why don't you quit bashing all of the things that make America great and get a LIFE?"

-Doug Holland
Clarksburg WV

Doug, thanks for the dollar, and thanks for wasting your stamp! I'm glad that people like you hate what were doing. It let's me know that america still sucks as bad as I think it does. I'll pass your address to NAMBLA, seeing as you included it.

Write?
salmonhaus,
KEYWORD: DEBASER
p.o. box 923
Washington PA, 15301-1408
united states

e-mail

"Your fanzine sounds shite!! Fuck off you cunts!!
Cheers!,X"

-Shaun Ryder, former Happy Monday, now of Black Grape.

two

e-mail: romst6+@pitt.edu

Mattel Inc. has its finger on the pulse of Americas youth. This is evident by a new product to be unveiled this spring, Grunge Barbie & Ken, and... RIOT GRRRL SKIPPER! The press release that I saw on this one said, "...Barbie and boyfriend Ken are into the alternative lifestyle." Does that mean that Barbie and Ken are bi-sexual or Pearl Yam fans?

Skipper's press sheet was just as ridiculous. It says, in part, that "Skipper knows how to be a positive GRRRL and leads the way with the latest fashion..." this fashion includes breis; a tight t-shirt that says "HOT!", and a haircut that looks like that girls on the show "FRIENDS". I also had the privilege of seeing some photos of the above mentioned dolls. Barbie has multi-coloured stockings, Doc Martin looking boots and torn up shorts. The Ken has a T-shirt on that says "FEARLESS!". As for some of their accessories-bowling bag purses and little back packs.

Just when you thought that the mass media REALLY doesn't get it, they come out with something like this that makes your lower jaw just drop!

News, facts & blatant lies?

Are you a fan of Credence Clearwater Revival? If you are and your not a big fan of the Christian Right, namely Pat Robertson than it will pain you to know that without Pat's financial support, there would not have been a Credence. It seems that the brothers Fogerty were in the garage writing songs, when they were visited by the arc angel Maroni, who in turn told them to get in touch with the up and coming preacher. Supposedly Pat even helped write some of their biggest songs, including Lodi, Down On The Corner, Bad Moon Rising and I Put A Spell On You. These songs also are reported to have a dual meaning and subliminal messages that preach the Gospel. The group has been linked to the Jesus People of the early 70's who drove around baptising people in rivers and creeks.

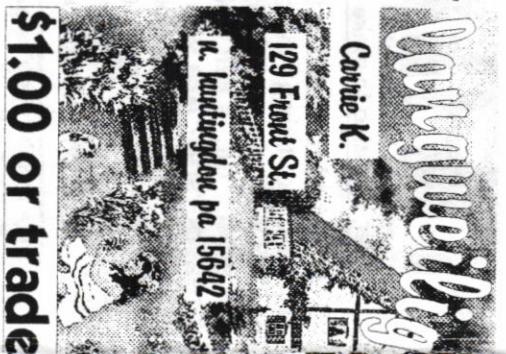
CBN, or the Christian Broadcasting Network still own the rights to all of the CCR back catalogue through Fantasy Records. An investment group which is primarily owned by Pat Robertson and some 700 Club investors bought Fantasy back in 1973 under the alias of Q&M Investments.

This same investment group also is the group that tried to block John Fogertys come back in the mid 80's by suing on the grounds that he was infringing on their copy rights to the original CCR recordings. Now, guess who owned Laughing Buddha Records...

stores (that sell debaser)

In PITTSBURGH PA
TIMEBOMB-Bloomfield
RANDY'S ALTERNATIVE RECORDS
& SLACKER-South Side
AZIZ-Oakland

HOME AID PRODUCTIONS
c/o J. Lancia, 2706 Pioneer Ave.
Pittsburgh PA, 15226-2034
In WASHINGTON PA
CRUSADER COMICS-Main St.
JOE'S BIKESHOP-E. Chestnut St.
In CLEVELAND OH
RIOT 101-Lorraine Ave.
Cross Canada distro through
SCHTUFF...
7110 Westminster St.
Powell River B.C.
V8A1C6
Canada



\$1.00 or trade



three

night. They thought that I was the greatest thing since sliced bread. I was a model employee, never turning them down for anything. See the greatest part was getting naked and jumping into the silos. I worked with a shift of 15 people and they liked the idea, hell, a couple of them even joined me. The manager didn't care because he was a coke head. That lasted for the better part of 2 years until we got a surprise inspection about a week before Christmas. You should have seen the inspectors face. My manager was coked out of his brain, and because we were going to be shut down for a Christmas break in a few days, we just had a blow out party. We were all drunk and high, and some of the other workers joined me in the silos, treading through the M&M's naked!

This sounds pretty strange, let me ask you to describe exactly the pleasure that you derive from doing this.

"It makes me feel great! The thought of people going 'mmm, this is so yummy' and seeing there face in my head. I know that they enjoy it, but if they only knew that I rubbed it around my asshole, and around my balls..."

What do you do now? I know from previous conversations that you have been unemployed since July, so are you looking for a job in the food industry now?

"No. I still derive pleasure from the thought of it, but when you can't actually see the people eating the candy I just see that fat bitch that made me start all of this. I've found a new way to get pleasure. Since the craft/fair/festival circuit is closed for the season, I can tell you...I make little crafts and rub them all around my genitals. I get to see all of those stupid bitches that get in front of me and drive like shit, and they pick up these little crafts that I make and admire them. I know that they are thinking 'oh this is so pretty', and I just sit there and smile and imagine them putting this craft on a mantle somewhere, admiring them. If only they knew."

Where do you plan on going from here?

"I'm attending school currently because I would like to meet other people, like you, who share this mission. I've made it my point to, my destiny, to rub things that people will cherish and enjoy utterly disgusting by their standards if they knew what really had happened to it. My testicles and anus will be the invisible packaging that will define their true worth. I would like to be able to possibly own a factory and make Christmas stuff that I can 'do'."

Hey Chuck, I DO NOT "share your mission" pal. I thought you were a tad bit odd, even eccentric, but dude, you are WAY out there...

"You think like I do you just don't know it yet! You'll see, and when you come around, I'll be there."

"I know I'm not the only person like this..."

I really didn't see the point in going any further with Charles. He is convinced that I think the same way he thinks. In fact, he got this glint in his eye that creeped the hell out of me. And since the time that I sat down to interview him, he won't quit trying to take me aside, and tell me the stories over and over, trying to make me "come around" and face my destiny, he's really a superfreak!

by Bill Schmuck

I first met Charles in my ethics class. I noticed that he was about my age, older than most of the other students, even for a Community College student. I basically thought that he was like me, not being able to really find a niche, something that interests him. But after awhile, he started to tell me about his opinions on various things. This guy is nothing like me. He has worked at assembly line jobs, if you will, in order to satisfy a strange fetish. You see, he derives pleasure by rubbing consumer goods on parts of his body that he feels the general public would find repulsive.

I suppose that he felt he could tell me this because he read issue three of the zine, and a particular article caught his eye. He convinced himself that I was Orion Heath. If you didn't catch number three, Orion wrote about the stuff that grosses people out. Well, sorry Charlie, but Orion thinks your a freak, and after this in depth Q&A, I'm afraid I must agree.

When was this urge manifested, and when did you act on it. Can you remember?

"I guess I first got the urge to rub things on my genitals when I was about 18, and working at this candy store. This lady came in and just started making all of these demands. I was the only one at the store, and she needed a manager to deal with her problem, because I wasn't authorized to take the item that she brought in back. She wouldn't leave, and she kept nagging, and she started to call me names, and I just could feel the anger boiling to a head. I wanted to punch her fucking face in. And then I felt like I wanted to just brutally rape and smother her. I just got so pissed off, that I just told her to wait a minute, and I went into the back room. I just couldn't get her fat, pudgy, ugly, complaining face out of my mind. And I just thought, 'Wow, I've got some good candy for you you fucking, fat piece of shit...' and with that, I began to pick my nose, and rub my fingers all over the candy. And I could feel the rage turning into a giddiness, so I just started to rub pieces of the candy around my testicles, the thought of the candy covered in the sweat just made me feel so relieved, I can't explain what a great sensation it is."

Where did you go from there?

"Well, I got fired from that job, they caught me rubbing stuff on my crotch, so I went and applied at the Clark Candy Co. I figured that I could get all of the bastards of the world. All of those people who give me hell all of the time, yeah. Enjoy this! You pricks. I can't even begin to explain how great doing it makes me feel. But it all ended when a prude co-worker turned me in. Another woman, God, I HATE WOMEN!!! So I retaliated against her by finding out where her son went to school. I caught him walking home from school, and I beat the living hell out of him. I whispered in his ear 'ask mom about Clark.'"

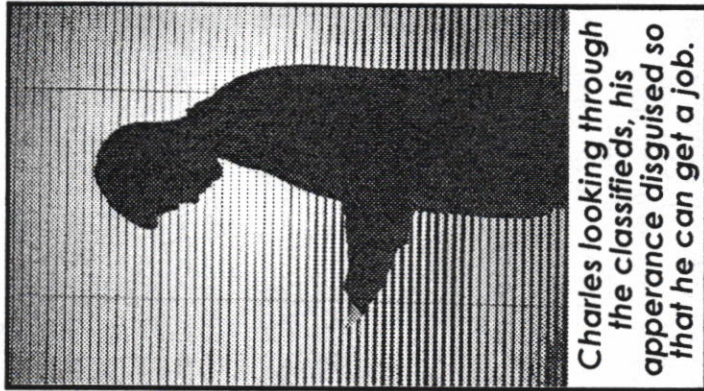
From there, I moved to Illinois and got a job with M&M/Mars. I worked on various lines making M&M and Reses Pieces. I worked in the final production phase as a sifter. They would have these huge silos full of finished M&M's, and I volunteered to work mid-

A Debaser exclusive! Bob Dole has sent a copy of his victory speech, if he is to be victorious in his bid for the presidency. Read on and see if he is your man (I don't think he's mine).

The Dole Victory Speech

1. We intend to sing the love of danger, the habit of energy and fearlessness.
2. Courage, audacity, and revolt will be essential elements of our poetry
3. Up to now literature has exulted a pensive immobility, ecstasy, and sleep. We intend to exalt aggressive action, a feverish insomnia, the racer's stride, the moral leap, the punch and the slap.
4. We say that the world's magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty; the beauty of speed. A racing car whose hood is adorned with great pipes, like serpents of explosive breath-a roaring car that seems to ride on grapeshot-is more beautiful than the "Victory of Samothrace."
5. We shall sing a hymn to the man at the wheel, who hurls the lance of his spirit across the Earth, along the circle of its orbit.
6. The poet must spend himself with ardor, splendor, and generosity, to swell the enthusiastic fervor of the primordial elements.
7. Except in struggle, there is no more beauty. No work without an aggressive character can be a masterpiece. Poetry must be conceived as a violent attack on unknown forces, to reduce and prostrate them before man.
8. We stand on the last promontory of the centuries! Why should we look back, when what we want is to break down the mysterious doors of the Impossible? Time and Space died yesterday. We already live in an absolute, because we have created eternal, omnipresent speed.
9. We will glorify war-the world's only hygiene-militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of freedom bringers, beautiful ideas worth dying for, and scorn of women.
10. We will destroy the museums, libraries, academies of every kind, will fight moralism, feminism, every opportunistic or utilitarian cowardice.
11. We sing of great crowds excited by work, by pleasure, and by riot; we will sing of the multicolored, polyphonic tides of revolution in the modern capitals; we will sing of the vibrant nightly fervor of arsenals and shipyards blazing with violent electric moons; greedy railway stations that devour smokeplumed serpents; factories hung on crooked lines of their smoke; bridges that stride the rivers like giant gymnasts, flashing in the sun with a glitter of knives; adventurous steamers that sniff the horizon; deep-chested locomotives whose wheels paw the tracks like the hooves of enormous steel horses bridled by tubing; and the sleek flight of planes whose propellers chatter in the wind like banners and seem to cheer like an enthusiastic crowd.

I would like to thank the committee to elect Bob Dole president for this advanced look at Mr. Dole's agenda. It let's us see what he is all about, and it should help those that are unsure make a decision. I don't know Bob. It doesn't seem that the people that hated the Contract With America are going to like this one any better.



"Hey Atom, why don't we meet and discuss this?" This car was getting uncomfortable.

"NEVER," he hissed. "I'm not even gonna tell you what I look like. I'm an addict and that's what I look like, a goddamned ADDICT!"

Forcing down my amusement I said, "an addict of what?"

"DRUGS!" He screamed. "I'm the last true addict."

Pressing the mute button I enlightened Ron on our addict. He just kept laughing, unable to even form a sentence. Luckily it wasn't catching.

"Adam," I said, "what are you going to write for us?"

"I'm gonna new drugs and old drugs in new ways. That way I can teach people how to better become..." He stopped mid sentence.

"Hello, you still there," I said.

"Yeah but I think one of Mario's boys is watching me."

Holding the mute button again I said to Ron, "This guys nuts! He thinks that some guy named Mario has his 'boys' watching him right now."

"WHAT?" Ron said through laughter.

"THAT'S BILL!!!" He exclaimed.

"No way...he's a loon," I answered. Inhaling on my cigarette again, I let up on the mute button.

"Atom, what's going on?" I flicked the cigarette butt out the window.

"Some guy with a camera is looking at me from the doorway. I could feel the sweat in his voice."

"Well hey Atom, why..."

"What the hell," his voice trailed off, "Don't you take my picture!"

"AHHHHHH!" I dropped the phone in astonishment when he screamed. Picking it up again I could hear a struggle over the evening traffic. Atom's garbled screams of punishment could be heard a good 12 inches from my ear. After about 30 seconds only the traffic could be heard.

"I think he just fought the guy with the camera," I said to Ron.

"You don't think it really WAS..."

Just then Bill flung the back door open and jumped in. His T-shirt was ripped down the middle and his nose trickled blood onto his upper lip.

Ron and I exploded into laughter.

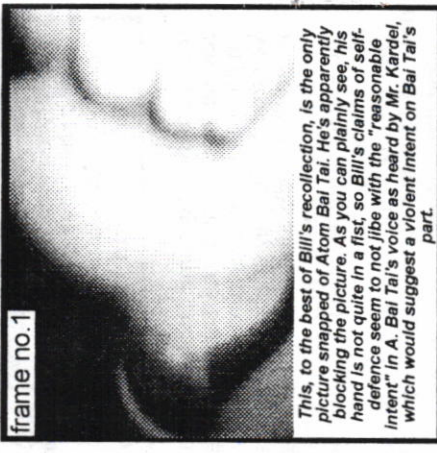
"What the FUCK IS WRONG WITH THAT GUY?"

Bill said as he rubbed his forehead, swelling had already begun.

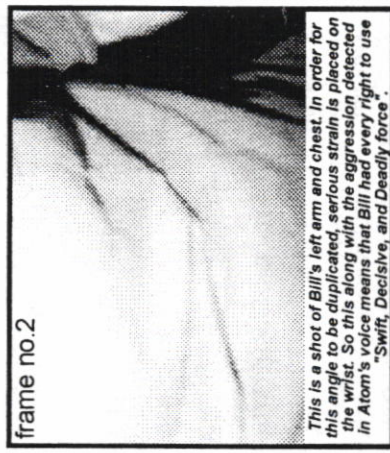
Ron threw the car into drive and replied, "Hey...he's just a goddamned addict."

NOT QUITE THE ZAPRUDER FILM...

it's the schmuck film!



This, to the best of Bill's recollection, is the only picture snapped of Atom Bai Tai. He's apparently blocking the picture. As you can plainly see, his hand is not quite in a fist, so Bill's claims of self-defence seem to not jibe with the "reasonable intent" in A. Bai Tai's voice as heard by Mr. Kardel, which would suggest a violent intent on Bai Tai's part.



This is a shot of Bill's left arm and chest. In order for this angle to be duplicated, serious strain is placed on the wrist. So this along with the aggression detected in Atom's voice means that Bill had every right to use "Swift, Decisive, and Deadly force."

So, inclosing, Bill Shmuck was more than justified in giving A. Bai Tai the ole' beat down. As for Bill, he just had a contusion on his forehead, and a sore wrist, from beating down said Bai Tai.

We have not seen A. Bai Tai around since the incident and we feel that this drove him underground, er, well his parents basement we suppose.

- >The Blake Babies (R.I.P.)
- >Meter Jammers
- >Girls sporting J. Crew stuff
- >John Lancia, runs HOME AID PRODUCTIONS (it's a distro.)
- >DeCarlo the mailman

Schools the assholes at the post office that try to charge the highest postal rates.

>"Scared Shitless" window sticker 1973 Ford Bronco 4X4

>FUZZY-"Flashlight" seven inch on blue vinyl. Backed with "Thurber" & "Country Song"

Seed Records
19 West 21 Street
Suite 501

New York, NY 10010

Buy it if you like Velocity Girl.
>GORRILA BISCUITS-"Gorrila Biscuits" seven inch (reissue). The first release! Includes "High Hopes", "Big Mouth", "GM2" and "Finish What You Started".
Revelation Records
PO Box 5232

Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232
Before they were CIV; when they were good.

>Bill Clinton-Yes, Bob Dole sucks that bad

Nat Sherman Cigars

I know a dentist that had a box of these fine smokes. From the HOST selection, I had the HAMPTON. What a great cigar. I've known the difference between smoketore and drugstore cigars for quite some time, but the HAMPTON was hyper fresh! A very clean, outdoorsy aroma. One of these days when I make a lot of money, like the dentist, I'll be able to shell out \$110.00 for a box of 25. Until then, I'll just have to go and hang out with the dentist more often.

Order a catalog at
Nat Sherman Inc.
500 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10110-1204
1-800-221.1690

shit list

This is stuff that just sucks so bad we can't believe it. Do not buy, do not go to these places and smack these people around if you get a chance.

- >Shiny nylon granny panties on cute women
- >The Beehive in Oakland (Pittsburgh)
- >Youngstown OH
- >Icehouse beer
- >Bush (the band)
- >Coed Naked Anything
- >Silverchair
- >Tony Danza-This guy should just give it up, he's always the same, stupid character in every show that he's in.
- >Carnie Wilson-I hate her! Especially when she laughs...ARGH!!!!

DEBASER (the band)

This is a band out of Denver Colorado, and they noticed us in MRR, and wanted to exchange some stuff-same name and all. I got a catalogue and tape. First the tape-Debaser "sellout", I kinda like what I can hear on this, even though I'm no big fan of industrial music. This bands sound is a judicious blending of Die Warzaw and Beckesque vocalist. If this were actually produced, with that deep bowl moving bass, they would be on MTV. And hell, you should buy this bands stuff just for the fact that WAXTRAX told them that they "suck". They also have a label with a whole roster of bands. Plus videos and a whole bunch of stuff.

send an SASE for catalog to
NGWT Prod.
p.o. box 3486
Littleton CO. 80161-3486



A non profit distro through mailorder & at shows.
Always looking for new projects, send samples for consideration. SASE for a free catalog.

HOME AID PRODUCTIONS

c/o John Lancia
2706 pioneer ave.
pgh pa, 15226

- >Old people who are retired and just drive around to cause traffic headaches, the old bastards!
- >Guys that I see around my campus that used to be wrestlers in high school and got a lipfull of snuff.
- Usually accompanied by a really bad sense of humor.
- >Tony from The Sonic Tonics-if you get smart with me one more time pal...
- >The planet Cobal-ask a Mormon about it
- >Friends-not the show! The people who are supposed to be as close to you as a relative-but they all turn out to be assholes

the hustler

drinking a pint of thunderbird wine in the woods walking down a narrow path into a small shaded space he is short slim with white hair and soft blue eyes the trees shading him are colored in autumn foliage colors of yellow and brown looking like a painting thin in some spots and thick in others he dressed in a black T-shirt and dark jeans he just did 30 days in jail he has a quick wit a gift of gab and lives in a subculture world populated by con artists who are always hustling and moving around the country most of the time he's just a thumbnail away from the streets or jail he had to pawn his ring to buy the pint and buy a greyhound ticket out of town in this tree shaded place he feels like the baby in his mother's womb and feels safe here that's not how he lives his life he puts the pint in his back pocket and walks out of the woods going to the greyhound bus station

by
**Greg
McGhee**

DOWN WITH THE KING

Why has the beloved KING DONG cupcake had it's named changed? Sure, it's has been a few years, so this is late in coming. But every time I see a GMC Jimmy drive by I start to think about it.

Quite a few people know that a Jimmy is a reference to a dick, so why single out our beloved Dong? Hostesses logic is what's on trial here, that would be like changing Ho- Ho's because Ho sounds phonetically like hoe? Where will this madness stop?

There is something that we can do because as consumers, we have the power. But we have to start at the grassroots. Start by referring to your penis as a "Twinkie". And if your a female, call your breasts "Sno-Caps." After you tell all of your friends to do the same, make it a point to contact Hostess, and complain that they have a product name, in slang, that is derogatory Or try calling them, I'm sure they have an 800 number, and tell them about your Twinkie with "a delicious cream filling, just waiting to be tasted."

Hostess must learn that we will not tolerate this kind of change, this giving in of the bond that we make with products and their names. Coca Cola didn't change their name when they finally removed the microscopic amounts of cocaine from that delicious elixer. So let it be with Hostess.

While I don't think enough people get the same delight that I do from seeing a product named King Dong on the shelf, and so the sheer amount of consumer backlash will not be voiced, I think that you should spread the word. Think about it-what a beautiful act of sedition-to demand that a cupcake be essentially called King Dick...its PERFECT! A related act would be to start a campaign to harass GMC into changing the name of the Jimmy to...the Dong.

Orion Heath



A picture snapped of A. Bai Tai a few days after the confrontation. Taken by Bill in Homestead PA.

"Hey brotherman," I said. "Yeah pizzaman...." His grin still evident. "Go fuck yourself!" My own slick smile slid across my face as I dropped the phone onto it's cradle. "So A. Bai Tai," Bill said, "is a panhandler." Ashing his cigarette, he looked to me for conformation to his theory. "No, he doesn't even know who A. Bai Tai is," I said in a frustrated voice. Easing myself down into a chair, facing Ron and Bill, I continued, "the phone is in Oakland. I'll call again later and find out where. I don't think Brotherman will be much more help." I fumbled in my shirt pocket for another cigarette. "Are we going to watch a pay phone on September first then?" Ron questioned as he stared into the rolling paper message. "Even better." I replied. "Bill here is gonna take a picture of him." Over the match flame, which was lighting my cigarette, I watched Bill's stupid grin disappear.

The appointed day came and we were very excited. We had found the payphone about a week earlier in front of the Subway in Oakland. The plan was for Bill to sit in Subway, then go out and get a picture of this guy while I talked to him on Ron's car phone. We drove by Subway at about eight forty five and let Bill and his camera out of the car. Ron made a quick left and parked the car by Peter's Pub. "You think he'll show," Ron asked while he backed the car into a parking spot. "Hopefully," I replied. Winding down my window, I smelled the "fresh" Oakland air and waited for nine o'clock.

Silence hung in the air, until nine o'clock finally came around. Ron turned the radio down and handed me the phone, I think he was more excited then I was. Dialing the number I closed my eyes and eased my head back against the headrest. The phone rang twice before a nervous voice answered, "Yeah." My hopes raised when I realized it wasn't Brotherman's voice.

"Is this Atom," I questioned. Even with my eyes closed I could feel Ron's inquisitive gaze.

"Yeah it is," he replied quickly. "I guess your from Debaser?" Just wanting to get to the point of all this, I asked "what's with all of this cloak and dagger bullshit." Pausing for a moment I opened my eyes and scanned the car for my smokes. "I mean Atom," I continued "what the fuck do you want?" I looked over at Ron and wondered when his anticipation would push him off of the edge of his seat and on to the floor.

"Hey, hey DON'T you get SMART WITH ME...I ain't got no time for that."

I rolled my eyes. "I chad you call me here because I can't trust anyone." He was getting a noticeable tone of nervousness in his voice again.

"Why not," I mumbled while lighting my cigarette.

"They're after me," by his voice I could tell he was looking all around in a frenzied state.

"Who?" This was getting pretty interesting.

"Mario and his boys," his tone implied I should have known that from the get go.

"So that's why your calling." "My thought of what Bill was making of all of this was interrupted by Ron.

"Why is he calling?" I just held my index finger up at him and waited for Atom to continue.

"No. I'm an addict."

I almost laughed at him right there.

"Well were not some kinda bloody self-help group, why you tellin' me." I could see this was going nowhere

"I want to write for Debaser," he said; apparently ignoring the last comment.

"Doesn't everybody," I said through a grin.

ELECTRIC KOOL AID ACID CASUALTY

Er a junkie want's to write for us.

By James Kardel

* * * * *

We were lounging around the salmonhaus recently one afternoon, thinking of doing lunch, when the most interesting letter arrived. It was addressed to the zine.

"Who is A. Bai Tai", said Ron, reading the return address.

Bill and I shrugged "Let me see that", I said, unlight cigarette bobbing with the rhythm of my words.

"Maybe it's a letter bomb from Skinheads/Witches United in Christ Satan", Bill mused.

"Yeah! It is Bill!" Ron stared at the ceiling, probably asking for celestial aid. Laughing, I ripped open the envelope and shock the contents onto the table. A rolling paper floated down.

"What the hell..." Ron questioned.

"Well at least the zine inspires the pot culture." A stupid grin spread on Bills face. Grabbing the paper, I inhaled on my cigarette, and read.

A. Bai Tai
9/1/95 9:01
(412) 621-9405

Through exhaling smoke I laughed aloud and handed it to Rons anxious hands. Turning around, I stared out the window. Why give a phone number for just a certain day? Christ, I could call now. A man stood across the street, his floral design shirt catching my eye. A payphone receiver was pressed in his ear.

"It's a payphone number", I stated, spinning around. I crushed my cigarette out in the ashtray. "I'm calling that number now."

As I reached for the phone, Ron asked, "What if he isn't there?"

"Or if he won't talk", Bill interjected.

Dialing the number, I gave them my answer, "Maybe he knows we will call right away."

"That's probably what he wants anyway."

The phone rang three times before we a gruff voice answered, "Yeah". I figured that I would act as if this was a wrong number, so I said, "Yes...I would like a large pizza with..."

"You'll have what?" The voice cut in.

"What da fuck you talkin' 'bout Willis?" Great, Gary Coleman was on the phone.

"Is this Arabian Pizza Den?"

"Fool, dis a payphone in Oaklandnd", the voice mocked.

"Hold on a second pizza man..." His voice sounded distant when next I heard him say, "Hey brotherman, you got some change?"

"What the fuck", I mumbled. Ron and Bill just stared at me, awaiting for a response to their questioning eyes. Placing my hand over the phone I whispered, "He's panhandling". They both nodded their heads as if I had given them an appropriate answer. Before I could elude further, Brotherman broke in. "Hey you still there pizzaman?"

"Yeah, I'm still here."

"Hey my man," he began, "I got this CD player for sales..."

Ignoring his sales pitch I said, "Your name isn't A. Bai Tai is it?"

"No," he replied, "but about dat music machine..." I could feel a slick smile spread across his face, seeping across the phone. **15**

FIGHT THE PAPER...

Destroying the media, literally destroying the media!

Everybody complains about the mainstream press, but what have they done about it? I complain and ACT!

There are lot's of ways to carry out covert raids on the press. And the press is where we have to begin. The newspapers are the building blocks of the media newsmill. You can't cut down a tree and leave the roots in tact. The tree will come back. If you poison the roots of the tree, the whole thing will die.

How do you do it? Simple. There are a number of ways to cause trouble for them. One of the simplest is to just steal Sunday papers. On your way home after a Saturday night of binge drinking, stop by that little store by your house. Go on, no one is around. Snatch that bundle of papers and get the hell out off there! If your a Communist, you might proceed to throw them into peoples yards on the way home, or you can just throw them away. This leads right into the next method of attack, flaming them.

Now that pile of papers would look pretty nifty in someone's yard that you hate...on FIRE! But hey, wouldn't that paper machine that the paper truck just pulled away from look even better on fire? You bet. This method is the swiftest and easiest to get away with. Just roll up, put your quarter in, take a paper, and throw in a pack of matches that you've just lit. WHOOOSH!! That box will end up looking like fuckin' Dresden!

Your not the destructive type you say? Well then get some porn. Any will do, but make sure it's graphic. Go to Kinko's, grab a self serve card, and make some copies. Roll up in the aforementioned manner, and stuff your photocopy in amongst the circulars. Boy, the folks in small town America will love that sale!

Lastly is the phone trick. Simply call the paper that you've chosen and call their 1-800 number. Just call in and say that your any store in your area and tell them that you did not get your papers. KNOW THE STORES ADDRESS! They might ask you for all kinds of numbers, etc. Don't panic! Just say, "hey, I don't know about any of that shit pal! I just know that there are people in hear bitching at me about not having the paper!!!

Today I'll be GAY!

Today, I watched the Maury Povich's show, the topic was something about people who are bisexual and in relationships. Now what was annoying me the most was this girl. She was dating this guy but got her groove on with some girl. The guy saw it as cheating and she didn't, as did all of the guests. Now the thought that kept going through my head was how it's become "fashionable" to be gay. I seriously know about 4 people who have come "out". And I know these people well enough that I know they're not gay. You might be thinking, how can you say that? You don't know what's going on in their heads! Oh, contrain mon frain, or how ever that goes. These people were the "train jumpers", the people that always tried to be so "hip", they only got into things when it was safe. They were dorks and they still are. But there are also those people that I know who are searching for a path to rebellion. What a joke, blue hair and a pierced tongue don't piss mommy and daddy off anymore so now I'm Gay! Wow, your so cool! Your so original! These people are just as wack as hippies, who sought rebellion in sex and drugs. To many dorks practice rebellion that's all about style. All style, and no substance. You would think that gay people would be pretty pissed about having what is innate in their being trivialized so dramatically. But that doesn't seem to be the case. They welcome these people into there circle. Why is that? I know that societal pressures would keep some people in the closet, but all of the people that I'm referring to were all friends-they could come out together. They are the arch-typical P.C. liberals. So why are they embraced? I really would like to know. So if your gay, then please write to me, K. Trout, and tell me what you think about these people. I DON'T WANT ANY LETTERS FROM STUPID LIBERALS WHO ARE "STRAIGHT BUT NOT NARROW"!!! This is not an attack on gay people and if you view it as one, then your an

If you feel compelled to write, send your comments (anonymous if you want) to the salmonhaus. Just write K. Trout on the top of any letters re: the subject. He plans on doing a round-up on the whole subject, and he really want's to know the answer.

In 1981, The Police released the album *Ghost In The Machine*. Among all the critically acclaimed songs on the album was one that finally made a big impact on me. At the time however, I scarcely noticed it.

When I used to listen to the album, back when vinyl was "the thing", I found myself returning the needle to the same songs all of the time: *Spirits In The Material World*, *Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic*, and *Invisible Sun*. I had one of those one-piece stereos with record, tape, and radio, that allowed me to listen to the same side of the record over and over. Side A sure got a lot of heavy rotation.

Listening to the same side of the album many times was great. Some people tend to get sick of music this way, but for me it was a way to pick up subtle sounds within songs that I wouldn't notice in an average listening. It also helped me learn the words of the

can do that. Enter the invention of auto reverse tape decks. Suddenly I was able to buy tapes and listen to them in their entirety.

How many times had I listen to INXS's *Kick like that?* I'm sure I could never guess. The technology was great, but I still preferred vinyl.

Among the reasons: the art on the 12" albums was better and easier to see, albums were harder to lose and easier to store (unlike tapes, albums could be piled up on top of, or next to your speakers-the natural place for them).

Tapes needed to be rewound or fast-forwarded to listen to the side again, unlike the record where you could just lift the needle and count the shiny stripes-one, two...ah three, that's the King Of Pain (The Police, from *Synchronicity*)

Again: records had full-sized "sleeves" (the paper slip inside the cover that protects the record from scratches). This encourages the placement of thing like lyrics and band photos. Sure, cassettes came out with the long fold-out cards, but the lyrics had to be read with a magnifying glass, and the photos reproduced that small were poor at best. Listen: cassettes are lighter and smaller, but records could double as

Frisbees (didn't they fly far?)

Auto-reverse allowed me to listen to the whole tape over and over, which was nice, but doubling the amount of songs tended to clutter my brain-waves, which caused me to miss many of the subtle arrangements in some of the songs.

Now there's CD technology-lasers put to a use other than killing people. Like the record, the laser acts as the needle, bouncing of the encoded information on the CD. The same concept

except without the friction.

Like most people, I owned several CD's previous to actually having a player for them. While I was waiting for prices to come down, I purchased

ENYA-WATERMARK, WANG CHUNG-POINTS ON THE CURVE, BERLIN-PLEASURE VICTIM, TONES ON TAIL-NIGHT MUSIC and Peter,

GABRIEL-SECURITY. I taped Wang Chung and Berlin and sold them. I lost the Peter Gabriel disc before I even owned a CD player.

What's It Called Now? Vinyl?

When the purchase was finally made, I didn't think the sound quality was any better than the cassette. At that point CDs were obscenely overpriced and despite the talk of prices gradually coming down to meet the price of tapes, they are still expensive. Tapes actually cost

more to manufacture CD's, contrary to popular belief, are sinfully easy to scratch and a little dirt on the disc can really throw the player for a loop, loop, loop. With a record, scratches were easy to bypass-simply press down on the needle. Digital is nice. It's good to know exactly how long a CD is in preparation for recording it to tape. Knowing which song is playing by looking at the number on the display is nice. The booklets in the case have a fair size, but as most covers are designed to fit the CD size, you'll find a lot of frustrated graphic artists who

remember the "good old days" of full sized records, and go into nostalgic fits. Finding a song on CD is like a combination between the ill-fated 8-Track player and a record. Though all three required pressing buttons, the CD takes out all of the guesswork, including counting.

Because of digital technology, CD players can be programmed in a number of ways, making it possible to: listen to

US Army who leads a Satanic CULT!!! He's an intelligence officer, and guess what he wrote a report on...PSYCHOTRONIC GENERATORS!!!

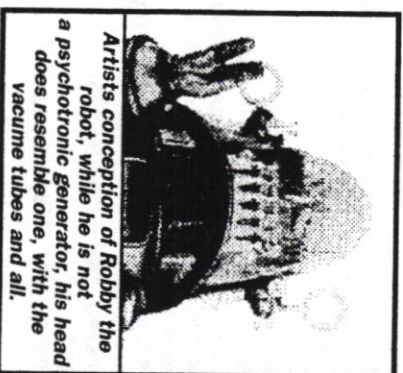
Needless to say I was blown away. I figured that this couldn't be, I mean it's just too perfect. Couldn't this be just a red herring? If Tony knows about this and has a photocopy all about it, couldn't a resourceful person just hoax this? It's no alien autopsy, but we can't jump to conclusions now, can we?

Unfortunately, I can't find the answer to the most telling clue, what the Russian says. I'm supposed to meet up with a professor of Russian at the University Of Pittsburgh. So this should prove to help unlock the secret of whether or not this is true.

Tony is convinced that it is. He said that the Bircher who gave him the filer was definitely not the type to try and perpetrate any hoax.

"No way would this guy do anything like that. He would really be mad if somebody did, because he thinks that that kinda stuff just makes anybody who identifies with states rights as a nut case."

Well could it be a hoax to blame the right-wingers? I kinda think that the whole O.K. City thing was just a wee bit to Tony not being a Liberal, really can't answer that one, but think about it: what if even the photocopy that answers the question is just a plant a



Artists conception of Robby the robot, while he is not a psychotronic generator, his head does resemble one, with the vacuum tubes and all.

a mere diversion to lead people a stray? That's as good as a scenario as the other two.

As it stands, it's anybody's guess. In the near future we will be able to give you an answer to that question. Plans are in the works, as I've stated previous, to have the Russian translated and also to "obtain" one of the mystery boxes. Debaser's own resident electrical/computer genius, George, will then get the contents and have a look see. Will we be thrown in prison for destroying an ozone monitor? Or will we start the Second American revolution by exposing the sinister use of psychotronic generators on the citizens of the US? Will anybody even care if they are psychotronic generators?

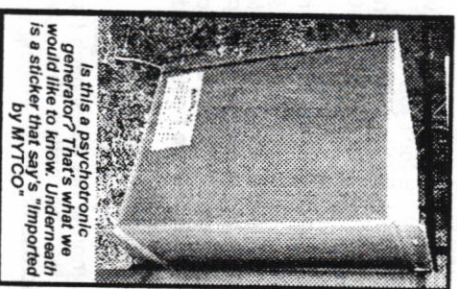
Only you, the reader, will know or act accordingly. But you can be sure of one thing, Pennsylvania is turning out to have an excuse for all of the wacko's that make our

pages from our local area? A final note should be about the one thing I am certain of, and that is that the majority of psychiatric patients in Western Psychiatric Hospital, the hospital where the drug Big D was first identified, are from right here. Right here being Washington PA.

With reporting by
**Ron McNary,
Tony Mihalovich &
Bill Schmuck**



This is the emission center, that will apparently never go online. Those strange silver boxes, suspected at first to be ozone monitors, would make sense. But is it all just a clever trick involving far more sinister motives?



Is this a psychotronic generator? That's what we would like to know. Underneath is a sticker that says "Imported by MYTGO"

I was first made aware of the presence of these strange boxes by Tony Mihalovich, who is more or less a survivalist. He isn't your typical conspiracy buff, he doesn't really care to much about the "New World Order" and "One World Govt." His reasoning is pretty straight forward and sensible.

"How can you be afraid of the UN, I mean look what they have done in Bosnia so far!" So you can see he isn't one to scare easily. But he did point something out that I had noticed, but not really scrutinized. These strange steel boxes have been appearing all over the place. I had noticed them but never looked at the stickers that are on them. Tony did.

They are government warnings telling of the penalties of tampering with the equipment contained within them I assume. I figured that they were ozone monitors because of Pennsylvania being put into the Ozone Transport Region. If you not familiar with this, it is a region that in-compasses the whole northeast. Originally Pennsylvania was not in this federally mandated region. But our old Governor, Robert Casey, had us

PSYCHOTRONIC

included. This, in my opinion, is jive because we don't even have any steel mills anymore. We produce less industrial airborne pollution than say, North Carolina. That's what happen to all of the mills-they moved down south to all of the right-to-work states.

Anyway, what would have happened was that the state would move from privately owned emissions centers (gas stations, car garages, etc.) that normally charge between \$15.00 and \$20.00, to a centralized emission program. The change would have meant waits of up to 4 hours to get an emissions test nobody would pass. When a car sits in idle that long, the build up of carbon monoxide means that it will always fail. Not to mention the \$10 price increase.

Well the press found out what was up, turns out that the law makers, including my local state Rep., J. Berry Stout & the Gov. owned stock in the company, Enviro-Check, that was hired to provide the emissions

testing. That caused PA to go from a Democratic controlled state, to a Republican controlled state overnight. Well, the new Gov. suspended the program, and the citizens exhaled their collective breath.

While E-Check stations won't go online anytime soon, the question of these devices is still around. Upon further investigation of these mystery boxes, I found something that is very unusual. These supposed Ozone Monitors have been imported. While I had a photo of the sticker underneath the box, it didn't come out. So let me tell you about it.

The sticker is about 7 inches long and 2 inches wide. It has the units name, ANVIL and the model number. Also on that label is the importer, MYTCO. Now the unusual thing about this is that if this is an ozone monitor, why is it imported? I recall the recent flap over the U.S. Army attempting to purchase a drone from Israel. The Pentagon told them that they would have to buy a drone from a US company, so the sale was stopped. Never mind the fact that the Israelis version was battle tested

and NO US company had a drone developed! Would it be any different with an ozone monitor?

But the most startling aspect of the label was the fine print...IT WAS RUSSIAN! Underneath all of the writing was a sentence in Russian. Now why would the EPA buy a Russian built ozone monitor? I mean if you look at the former Soviet Union they really don't seem to be at the forefront of a clean environment.

All though this had cast doubt in my mind, I still thought that this had to be some type of ozone monitor. But that notion was blown out of the water when I mentioned my find to Tony, his mouth just dropped open.

"MYTCO YOU SAID!?! MYTCO is a CIA front out of Arlington Virginia! I've got a zerox from one of these guys that I know who's in the John Birch Society. You know what MYTCO is? It's a po box! You know who's name is on that box? A colonel in the

any number of songs over and over again, listening to songs at "block out" listen to snippets of songs, "black out" songs that the listener doesn't like, etc. This made repetition very easy for me in theory, but I find it difficult to pull away from listening to a whole disk. Again I had troubles concentrating on the subtleties.

Though vinyl is my preferred format, I was forced to change my tastes by the quickly disappearing selection of new albums. I had to resort to cassettes as my main format in about 1991, due to the fact that finding a record store that actually sold records was like finding a dollar on the sidewalk. The only vinyl I bought then was imports and rare 12" singles. CDs were still too expensive, so tapes it was.

Almost five years later, records are making a weak comeback, fueled by the strange nostalgia-driven interest in eighties music, and because, simply put, records are cheaper to produce.

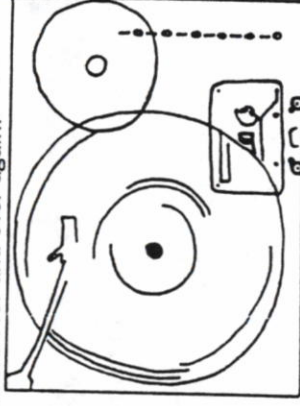
Because I no longer own a record player, it would be silly of me to buy vinyl again. However, when I did look into buying another one of those piece-of-crap all-in-one stereos, I couldn't find one that had a record player. Instead, along with the radio and double cassette decks, they came with a CD player, or for a little more money, a CD shuffler, which allows the player to load a number of CDs into the player all at once.

Remember the possibilities of programming a CD player? Well, these new stereos combine that with the addition of more CDs. Most shuffle units hold between 3-10 CDs, and can be programmed to shuffle all songs on all disks in any order or at random, which makes it possible (in the case of the 10-CD unit) to listen to up to 13 hours of music continuously without hearing the same song twice. Though this maybe great for parties, I find it impossible to get the full experience of a single song due to the magnitude of songs yet to play. I just don't have enough time anymore.

The move into the digital realm has also become a good excuse for forgotten or defunct bands to "digitally remaster" their old songs and re-release them. Boxed-sets have been around for a long time, but now it seems to be a money making play rather than the original premise, which was to make it easier and

cheaper for the collector to obtain a complete set of recordings. Artist such as Led-Zeppelin have "re-mastered" their old songs, collected them for a set and sold it to fans for a higher price than it would take to buy the cassettes separately. As a bone, sometimes the artists will throw in a previously unreleased or live song. And it works.

Combine the CD changer with the box sets, and it finally equalizes the load of songs by being able to listen to the progression of a band from the beginning of their career to the end. On a grandiose scale, there are some new Elvis Presley box sets out which catalog everything he did, chronologically, including most of the songs from his movies. Each box set catalogs almost a decade of his career, and include over 100 songs. Too much Elvis? You bet, but it sure is interesting to picture in your mind his decline as you listen to it. I could never do that with listening to the same side of the same record over and over again.



I myself have only purchased one boxed set, and I did so after a year of consideration. Though there was no option of vinyl, which was fine with me, I had the choice of cassettes or CDs. Both formats included the same songs, and with the exception of some obscure live songs, I now own the complete works of the Police. I can now load all four disks into my CD player and listen to the sometimes-subtle progression of their career from start to finish, continuously, over and over. The song I eluded to at the beginning of this piece:

Too Much Information

Story and illustration ©1995
Scott C. Riether.
PO Box 2506, Warminster PA 18974

MIND BENDER?

If you didn't hear about it, then you didn't get a filer or read DEBASER. The week of October 22 to the 28 was declared the National Week of Parking Meter Disabling by someone who will remain nameless. The point was to jam and/or permanently destroy as many meters as possible. Because DEBASER was first available at a number of stores in Pittsburgh PA, this is where the first incidence of meter stuffing occurred. It obviously must have taken off, because every car I walk by in Oakland has a placard on the dash proclaiming, "Meter Not Working."

It must have become a problem, because stickers have started to appear that have a warning on the consequences of jamming meters.

This call to meter jamming was not, as some people probably believe (i.e., the MAN), done as an act of vandalism. It's a much deeper response to the jiveness of paying to park whenever you either attend college, or have to go to the unemployment office or job center. And what's the point? All of the politicians want people to better themselves, but they want to tax you while your doing it. That coupled with meters that don't keep correct time led to the call to action.

While the week of the 22 to 28 is the National Week, why not organize a week for your own town and state? Make a filer, and circulate it. Trust me, the idea quickly becomes popular. I've personally witnessed business people take the filer, read it smile, and stop. They think about it, and probably start saving those tabs off their cans.

The National Week of Parking Meter Disabling

A smashing national success!

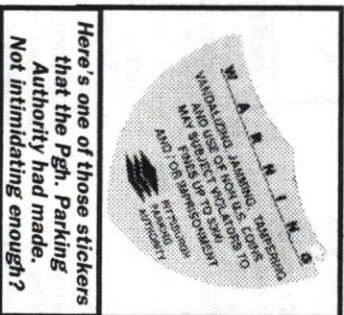
What follows is a round-up from around the country from folks that jammed meters. Most of these came in via e-mail but some people do still use the blue eagle. Overall I think that it went over pretty good. Hell, if you didn't jam meters in October-go out and jam them today!

PITTSBURGH PA: it's pretty much where I saw the whole thing in action. It helped that an associate churned out over 500 hundred filers with the diatribe on jamming meters from issue two, and put them all over town. We made a specific effort to put them on cars that had just received tickets.

The best tactic was to leave filers on tables in coffee houses all over the city-you know, that's were all of the subversives are anyway.

It's mid december as I write this, and I see new meters being "fixed" every day. New sections of the city getting stickered all the time.

I'd like to know how much money the city had to shell out for the vinyl stickers.



Here's one of those stickers that the Pgh. Parking Authority had made. Not intimidating enough?

VIA E-MAIL FROM "Work23" IN MT. LEBANON PA....

"Great idea!! Everybody around here hates the meters and the whole state of parking. I didn't jam a lot of meters personally. I don't drive, but I made a whole bunch of copies of the filers @ my dad's office and put them on cars at the mall."

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FROM JILL IN CASTLE SHANON PA

I never really thought about the issue of jamming meters. If someone would have suggested it, I would have thought that it was bad, because it's against the law and all. But I got a ticket a few months ago. It made me really mad because there is nowhere to get change. I usually shop at the mall, so I don't make it a point to keep change on me. Anyway, I forgot all about paying it. When I got home from school about a week ago, my dad was waiting for me and he was fuming. The ticket cost \$40 dollars! That's so jive, because I got it while I was going to see the doctor. So after I got bitched out for 20 minutes, I got grounded from the car for the weekend.

Luckily my friend Lori has her own car and her parents don't really care about stupid shit like that. So that Friday night we went down to Slacker to buy some stuff. I saw Debaser amongst the books and magazines and bought a copy. It caught my eye because I saw stickers all over it.

After we left, we went over to the Beehive for coffee and I looked at the table of contents, and the National Week Of Parking Meter Disabling article caught my eye, for obvious reasons! I showed Liz and she thought that it was cool too. So guess what we did on Sunday night? Jammed a ton of meters. Thanks for opening up my eyes. I would have never really thought to get revenge against the ticketers....

PHIL R. STUBENVILLE OHIO:

I don't know if you've ever been to Moundsville, it's pretty much a shithole. Nothing but rednecks with really tall trucks. Well, we do have our share of meters.

I got a copy of your zine and really liked it a lot. The story about the National Week of Meter Jamming was really great. I hate those stupid meter

bitches/bastards that cruise around and ticket everybody. They think they are so cool and wield some type of power. Well fuck them! I never thought about how to actually jam a meter, let alone trying to get a national anti-meter movement. I've gotten so many tickets, and up to this point, I would just pick my nose or rub spit on the M.O.'s that I would send in. I'll continue to do that, but I'll also jam every meter that is humanly possible.

E-MAIL FROM "HANKARCHY" IN MORGAN-TOWN WEST VIRGINIA:

KUDOS TO DEBASER! What a great thing to promote. Meters have for to long been used to oppress the underclass! I wanted to try and get cells of people to BLOW THE FUCKERS UP!!! But, I guess this is a better idea because it's not a federal offense... yet. Keep up the great work and I'll be sending you ten bucks for a sub.

E-MAIL FROM "JOHN2" IN UNIONTOWN PA:

What a novel idea! This is exactly the type of stuff that people have to start doing. We can only lay down so long. In fact, we have laid down to long, that's why it's so hard to stop tax raises and law-maker pay raises. I suggest that people start targeting both political parties and send them useless garbage when they try to raise money for candidates. Just get those postage free envelopes and fill them up with junk. Waste they're money.

E-MAIL FROM GINA BAY VILLAGE OHIO:

I got a copy of F5 in Cleveland and I saw a listing for your zine. In the description, along with the UFO stuff (love it!) I saw the announcement for the National Week of Jamming Meters. I ordered it (Yes, I remember-Ed.) and I love it. The meter jamming article was great! I love to jam meters. I'd been using epoxy, but the soda tab is much quicker. Plus, I can jam it while I'm pretending to try and put money in it. Thanks for the great tip...

As you can see, this really went over well. I have no reports of anybody getting caught. Also, supposedly the spree of meter jamming made the news(WPXI-Pittsburgh), but I didn't see the actual broadcast.

If you missed out, then make your own local week of meter disabling. Make some filers, and put them all over the place.

Yeah, almost forgot. I don't know who did it, but someone jammed all of the meters in front of the Job center (unemployment joint) here in Washington PA. I have quite a few unemployed associates and they told me that they enjoyed the four days of free parking.